

L'ANGLAIS-FRANCAIS.

I sing you wiz ze pen
Ze school Canadien,
At which ze Corps, zey teach ze war,
In all ze ways mode'n.
Voila! la camouflage;
Alors! ze creep barrage;
Ze bayonet fight, ze scheme by night,
Trois week, and in again.

Le Colonel Cameron,
Un beaucoup tres bon homme,
He what you call 'im? run ze show.
Monsieur le Commandant.
He look around all where,
Some time make prisonnier,
And when he spik, he make dem seck,
Ma foi! he spik him strong.

A la, mon Adjutant,
What scratch you face, my fren?
How's dat you say? Ah oui, compris,
It was zat dam kitten.
By day—you ride to Corps,
At night—I'Hotel Nonore,
By Gar! you right, dis is ze life.
Vive, les Canadiens.

Zat Sergeant-Major Gosse,
Wiz his almighty voice;
You know heem? Yes? c'est bien assez
(Mon Dieu! tres beaucoup gros.)
"Hi, steady on ze feet,
"Cut out zat talking vite.
"And when I say 'vous allez donc,'
"Vous allez, tout-de-suite."

Le General, grand homme,
To see ze school he come,
My word! he say, you have ze way,
I give you compliment.
An' wish you all may be
In Canada wiz me,
Après la guerre finis, mon cher,
Yours truly, A. Currie.

Toujours, Sir Julian,
Le Corps Canadien,
Will not forget ze Commandere
Who lead zem on ze Somme,
Vive le Ridge Vimy,
To hell wiz Germany.
A votre santé, ze whole corps say.
En avant, Monsieur Byng.

The Silent Toast.

They stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment gives o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host
Who have fought and gone before

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song.
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet,
And the brilliant lights around;
But they charge again on 'the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground;

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land;
Their hearts afire with a wild desire,
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain.
Some face comes back on the fiery track,
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control,
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HUMOUR OF THE BANDMASTER.

To the Editor of 'TCHUN.

SIR,—The humour exhibited by the School bandmaster is refreshing. For example, when the parade is standing rigid at the Commandant's inspection, suffering mentally and physically, he strikes up a lively rag, the opening words of which are:—

"I'm so happy, oh, so happy,
Don't you envy me?"

We do. . . . He can at least move his arms about, without being called down.

Then, again, on our marching off to the drill ground, he plays "Take me back to dear old Blighty" at 140 to the minute.

And, again, as we laboriously rise and fall at "on the hands down"—after a hut dinner—he softly plays:—

"I've a sneaky feeling round my heart
That I'm going to settle down."

I am, Sir,

Yours "at the double,"
JOHNNY WALKER

Canadian Corps School,
August 14, 1917.

"To bay-on-et to be, that is the question. Whether it—" This scandalous perpetration on the part of the ex-professor was received with a shudder of horror by the mess. One tense moment, and then the barrage broke. When it lifted, friendly hands carefully sorted out the wretched man from the bully beef rissoles and carried him tenderly awaw.